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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE MAN OF A THOUSAND.

They called him "Judge" Dale, because in the far west you never "mister" a man when you can call him "colonel" or "Judge." As James Dale looked more like a Judge than a colonel, they called him as I have said. He was a mine owner, and when things went wrong he could make hot times for his engineers and foremen, but he didn't do it in a vulgar way. He was always a gentleman even when cussed the hardest. As a matter of fact, the judge's motto was "good form," and he carried it out in his clothes, his cigars, his dinner, and the way he took the news when a fall of rock in the Emma mine buried 12 men at once. What he said on that occasion was, "Please wipe your feet on the rug next time." What he did was to fill out 12 checks for \$1,000 apiece for the respective widows.

I have it on good authority that Judge Dale was not vulgarly startled when he received word from Denver that his handsome wife, to whom he had been married five years and who was visiting friends, had taken an old lover's arm and severed conjugal relations by eloping. Others got the news about the same time, and they couldn't find anything to criticize in his conduct. He went through the daily routine just the same for three or four days, and he had the same placid look and the same even voice as he called his head clerk into the private office and said:

"Thomas, I am going away for a few days, and you will take charge."

"Yes, sir," replied Thomas, and next morning the judge was on his way to Denver. He picked up his clew there without having elbowed anybody or soiled the polish of his shoes.

He met friends and talked politics and real estate and mines, and, lighting a fresh cigar, he took a train for the east. Arriving in New York City, he paid a detective to locate the couple, but he didn't lug out a gun and shout at the top of his voice that he was an injured husband thirsting for gore. He simply threw a couple of big goldpieces on the table to pay for the information and descended to the cafe for lunch. A steamer was sailing for the Mediterranean at the end of the fourth day, and when she departed the judge was one of her passengers.

There were more than a hundred others, and as the weather was also stormy for the first two or three days out, no one commented on the fact that the passenger who was registered as Major Davis stuck close to his cabin and had his meals brought to him by a steward. Judge Dale had changed his name, but he had no idea of changing his identity. There were laughter and conversation and a clatter of dishes as all the passengers finally gathered for dinner for the first time since leaving Sandy Hook. To the right of the Captain sat one of the handsomest ladies and one of the finest looking gentlemen on the list, but taken altogether it was a grand array of wealth and culture. Dinner was fairly under way, and the lady on the Captain's right was beaming, when she happened to cast her eyes down the table, and her face went as white as death in a second. Half a dozen people caught her words as she whispered to her supposed husband:

"My God, John, but there is the judge!"

The man looked and the color went out of his cheeks, and his jaw fell. Near the foot of the table sat the man who had taken a new name. He was cool and placid, and only the ghost of a smile hovered around his mouth. He looked the woman and the man full in the eyes for a minute, but made no sign of recognition.

"What is it?" asked the Captain as "Mrs. Bemis" shuddered and gasped and seemed on the point of fainting.

"A—sudden illness—heart trouble!" she stammered as she left the table for her stateroom, followed by her supposed husband.

There were wonder and curiosity, but little was said. "Good form" demands that such incidents pass by unnoticed. There were those who thought it might be heart

trouble and others who suspected the presence of the "major" had something to do with it, but that was no place to compare notes. Neither of the pair was seen again that evening, though Major Davis was very much in evidence until a late hour. At breakfast next morning Mr. Bemis appeared alone. His wife was better, thank you, was his reply to inquirers, but thought it best to remain quiet for a day or two. Not once did he let his eyes roam around the table, but he knew that Major Davis was there among the rest. He knew that a pair of steel blue eyes were scanning his troubled face and that a pair of soft white hands were aching to grip his throat. After breakfast, as the men sought the smoking room, Mr. Bemis started to act on a plan which had doubtless been talked over with his wife. He walked straight up to Major Davis and began:

"Judge, I don't know what I can say in extenuation, but I—" "Excuse me, sir," interrupted the other, "but you have evidently made a mistake. I think the gentleman called the judge has passed into the salon."

Mr. Bemis looked at the major like a man seeing the face of death in a nightmare, and beads of perspiration started out on his forehead.

"Your—your wife is better this morning, I think I heard you say?" queried the major in courteous tones.

"Y—yes!"

"Glad to hear it. She should beware of over excitement. Weather seems to have settled, and we are making a fine run of it. Have a light? Well, I'll walk a little."

Mr. Bemis stared after him as if seeing a ghost, and his breath came in sobs as he finally turned away. He had seen the man whose home he had despoiled a dozen times or more, and he believed that Judge Dale stood before him. Still there might be a chance that it was simply a wonderful resemblance. Such things had been known. It must have been this faint hope that buoyed up the wife to appear that afternoon. A wife should be able to identify the face, figure and speech of the husband of even a fortnight, but the elopers hoped for a miracle. Major Davis had made several acquaintances, and Mrs. Bemis had no sooner appeared than he was ready to be introduced.

"I am honored," he said as he made his bow. "Permit me to offer my sincere congratulations on your speedy recovery."

"I—I thank you."

"It was your husband I met this morning, I believe, and for a moment he took me for some one else. It is queer how you'll often find two people looking so much alike as to deceive you at first glance."

"Y—yes, it is!" she stammered, leaning on the back of a chair for support and speaking through bloodless lips.

"You do not find in me a resemblance to any gentleman called the judge?" he queried as he looked her full in the face.

"N—no—that is!"

"But I am keeping you. Pray, be seated, and I think I see your husband coming this way. Hope the fine weather will put you in good spirits."

At every meal Major Davis faced the guilty pair. Some of the passengers suspected nothing, but others insisted that there was a queer mystery afoot. The Major gave nothing away. It wouldn't have been good form. The woman avoided him as far as possible, but two or three times a day he found excuse to speak to her. If she had hoped for a miracle, her hopes were dashed at the first close sight of him. Major Davis was Judge Dale, and Judge Dale was the husband she had fled from and disgraced.

She knew him for a quiet man, but also for an implacable one. He was torturing them at the stake, but that would not be revenge enough. In his desperation Bemis again attempted to approach the man he had wronged. He couldn't plead for himself, but he would plead for the woman.

"Judge, it was my fault, and on me should fall your vengeance," he said as he cornered his man.

"Mistaken again. Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the major. "Really, but

I shall come to think that I am your judge's twin brother. See what a cloudless sky and how beautiful the sea. I trust that your wife has had no more trouble with her heart. She is not looking at all well."

"God! God! But what a man!" gasped Bemis as he turned away with a hunted look in his eyes.

The steamer was to call at the Azores. One morning about ten o'clock she made harbor, and it was given out aboard that she would not get away before midnight. Everybody was anxious for a brief run ashore—everybody but Mrs. Bemis. She feared that she might overexert and bring on another attack of heart trouble. Mr. Bemis had decided to stay with her when Major Davis hunted him out and said:

"I trust you will make one of a little party going ashore, and that you will bring your revolver along, as I shall mine?"

"The party is—is"—began Mr. Bemis as his face blanched.

"A very exclusive one—just the two of us, you see. You have a pistol, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Ah, of course! We may find game you know. Do you wish to speak to your wife first?"

"No."

"She's gone to lie down, eh? Well, let's be off."

The two engaged a boat as soon as landing and pulled away to a wooded cape, and two hours later a dead man was brought back in the boat. It was Mr. Bemis. He had accidentally shot himself while shooting at a bird, or at least the major said so, and no one doubted his word. He told his tale without excitement. He was cool and serene as he announced that he would remain and see the body placed in its grave. He came aboard the steamer with the personal effects of the deceased, but he did not ask to see Mrs. Bemis. He delivered everything to the Captain, and as he added the sum of \$5,000 in gold it is probable that he told at least a part of his story. When the accident became known, and it was found that Mrs. Bemis was to go on with the ship instead of ashore to see her husband to his last resting place, there was an outcry over her want of feeling, but it did not reach her ears.

She was in her stateroom under the doctor's care, and none of the passengers saw her again. When the major had finished his work at the island, he took a steamer for New York and home, and upon entering his office at the usual hour and in the usual way he said to his chief clerk:

"Thomas, I am back and feeling better. Bring me the balance sheets for the last four weeks."

A Novel Experience.

Miss Ida Gutensohn of Guaden-hutten had an experience last night which, to her at the time, was thrilling enough, but which she can laugh at now.

Miss Gutensohn is a student at Stieh's business college and rooms at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rees in Dennison. Yesterday evening after dark, when alone in the house, Miss Gutensohn heard a knock at the door. When she answered the summons, she found there an unknown man who, when she opened the door, tried to enter.

The badly frightened young lady slammed the door in his face and turned the key. The man then went to a window and pounded. Miss Gutensohn telephoned for the police. Officer Polen was soon on the spot and found the man, who made no effort to get away.

The officer discovered that the stranger was a mute. He went into the house, and a written conversation was taking place, when Mr. Rees came in and quickly explained everything. The stranger was his brother-in-law, Robt. Lobb, a well known printer who lives in Ulrichsville, but it seems Miss Gutensohn had never met him, and his effort to enter the house when she opened the door, and the fact that he said not a word naturally frightened her a great deal.

Mr. Lobb has worked for the *Chronicle* a number of years and is a steady, honest, reliable man.—*Ulrichsville Chronicle*.

ROSE OF WASHOE.

One day in the early spring a pioneer's wagon approached within a mile of Black Hill diggings, and a rough looking man got out and started to climb the trail. He was yet half a mile away when he fell down exhausted, and half a dozen miners hurried down to succor him. He struggled up before they reached him, and, waving them back, he shouted:

"Don't come near me, for I've got smallpox, but for God's sake bring me some provisions! Me and my gal hev not had a bite to eat fur these two days!"

Smallpox was the dread of the camps. When a miner was taken down with the loathsome disease, he was as good as dead. The miners stopped dead in their tracks as they heard the pioneer's words, and after a brief consultation he was warned to remain where he was while they returned and gathered up a liberal lot of provisions. These were placed on the trail, and when he had picked them up they threatened him with their pistols to hurry him away. The man neither returned thanks nor berated them for their seeming harshness. They saw him reach his wagon, they saw him feelily climb up beside a child on the seat, and when the vehicle slowly rolled on, they heaved sighs of relief. That night Joe of Washoe arrived at Black Hill. It was dark, with a cold rain falling, when he heard of the incident of the day. His face went stern and his eyes grew hard as the story was told, and when it was finished he rose up and asked:

"Did the man say thar was a gal with him?"

"Yes."

"And you saw her in the wagon?"

"Yes."

"And you driv 'em off to die when you could hev 'lowed 'em to camp at the foot of the hill! If that's the kind o' men you ar' at Black Hill, I want to git out quick."

"But it is smallpox," persisted one of the men.

"More's the pity. Think o' that sick man drivin away with that leetle gal alongside o' him—drivin away to his death! There may hev bin a wife and mother—other children. Mebbe they was dead in the wagon. Men, you did a cruel, wicked thing!"

"But think of the 90 men the small-pox took out o' the camp at Red Rock last fall!"

"But I ain't thinkin' o' that. I'm thinkin' o' a man drivin off to die, with a leetle gal sittin up alongside o' him!"

He packed up some provisions, rolled up his blankets, and, picking up a water jug and his rifle, he said:

"I'm goin to overhaul 'em and stand by 'em, unless I find both dead!"

A score of protests were hurled at him, but the man stepped forth into the black night without a word in reply, and almost instantly disappeared from sight. At noon next day the wagon re-appeared. Joe of Washoe was driving, and on the seat beside him was a child. When the wagon halted, he unharnessed and turned loose the horses, made a fire, and then, climbing half way up the hill, he called to the man 20 rods above him:

"When I found the wagon last night, the man was dead and the leetle gal was prayin to God. Thar was a mother and two more children, but they ar' dead. Don't come a-nigh us. The leetle gal's touched, and I'm sure to come down!"

That night the fever came to the child, and men who crept down the trail heard her crying out and heard Joe talking and singing to her. The next day he reported her as dreadfully sick, and so it went on for days and days. It was time for him to develop the disease, and each morning as the men crept down the trail to leave provisions on the flat rock they feared he would not show up. But strangely enough, the danger passed him by. One morning, when he stood up on the wagon with the girl in his arms, it was taken as a sign that the crisis had passed, and 300 men gathered on the hill above and cheered the pair. It was a week after that when he set fire to the wagon, called for fresh clothes and came up the trail into

camp with the girl wrapped in a blanket. Nobody was permitted even to see the tip of her nose until she had been dressed up as a boy from old garments cut over.

Then she was placed on the head of a barrel in the center of camp, and half the men cheered and the other half wept. She was a girl of about 7, pale and wan from her sickness, but there was never a pit or a scar to show how she had suffered. By that we knew that Joe of Washoe had watched over her with more than a father's care. She was fatherless and motherless among strangers. Fright and illness had had so benumbed her brain that she could remember nothing, not even the family name. She said that they had traveled for days and days, but from whence she could not tell. The one thing that she did remember was that her name was Rose, and she had insisted from the first that Joe was her uncle. It was queer to see the prospector and miner, this man who had fought Indians and renegades and knocked about through a hundred adventures and was not supposed to have a soft spot about him—I say it was queer to see how he was knocked out when the little girl kissed him and called him her dear Uncle Joe. He looked so sheepish and shamefaced that we had to turn our faces away, and I tell you in the same breath that we also felt ashamed of ourselves that we had left that father and child to drive away from our camp as we did. In the mining camps a case of small pox meant isolation, neglect and death. The partner with whom you had worked and hungered and suffered for years would flee from you in terror at the first sign, and if a patient got up and walked about in his delirium, no hand was outstretched to prevent him from stumbling over a cliff.

In our shame we gave Joe all the respect and admiration he could demand, and it did us good to see the little one take to him and realize that she owed her young life to his heroic sacrifice and fatherly care. As we crowded around the pair the child knelt down on the barrel and clasped her hands and prayed:

"Mother is dead, and father is dead, but God bless Uncle Joe and everybody else!"

A good many of us turned our heads away at that, and, to our surprise, we found that years in the camps hadn't turned our hearts quite as hard as the quartz among which we labored. I caught a glimpse of Joe of Washoe shutting his teeth hard together and looking up at the clouds, and I wondered if he was more strongly affected when he charged a camp of five outlaws single handed and left three of them lying dead for the sheriff to bury.

That evening we had a public meeting on the public square, and Judge Watkins hushed the crowd to silence and said:

"Thar will be fustly, secondly and thirdly in these remarks o'mine. The fustly is that if Joe Washoe will accept this yere airth we'll gladly buy it fur him; secondly, the gal has got to hev another name, and I'm fur callin her Rose o' Washoe; thirdly, she's an orphan, and Black Hill diggin's is goin to adopt her and provide fur her and be the biggest kind o' father to her. Now, then, let every critter give three cheers and yell his loudest!"

A month later, when Rose of Washoe was sent to the States to be properly cared for, the sum of \$1,000 went with her. She was brought out and stood on the same barrel again, and 300 men filed before her and shook hands and said goodby. Joe of Washoe came last. He lifted her up in his arms and kissed her and patted her head, and her voice was broken with sobs as she said:

"God bless all, but God bless Uncle Joe most of anybody!"

When she was lifted to the saddle to ride away, Joe turned his back and seemed to be gazing off over the foothills. The crowd cheered and cheered; but he was mute. As the girl disappeared from sight down the trail some one asked:

"What the blazes is the matter with Joe that he don't yell with us?" "Hush, you fool!" cautioned Big Jim "Fall back, all of you! He'll

be turnin purty soon to catch a last glimpse o' the gal and it might shame him if we saw tears in his eyes and knowed that his heart was swelled to bustin over her goin away!"

Printing Government Money.

For the first time since the new financial law became effective, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing begins to recover from the stress of work which that measure brought to it. Although, says the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, the force of men continue to work night and day in relays, and there is still a good demand for skilled engravers, Assistant Secretary Vanderlip, who has direct charge of the printing of the government's money, says that orders for money are now on file for only 300 banks, while but a short time ago the bureau was behind on orders of 1,000 banks. Last week the records for printing government money was broken as the engravers turned out 105 plates. Some idea of what this records means is to be gained from the fact that until the present rush a record of from fifteen to twenty plates per month was considered a good one. The meaning of the word "plate," as used in the Treasury Department, is not altogether clear to the layman. Each plate has engraved upon it the lines on one side of four bank notes, and in many cases the denominations of the four on each plate are different. The word, as used in the department, also includes an other plate for the other side of each of the four notes. The present rate at which the plates and notes are being turned out indicates that the work of the bureau will be completed within a period of three weeks. However, there is no intention on the part of the government to reduce the force of men by discharges or furloughs. The demand for money and bonds is expected to be greater from this time forward, and by continuing the work a sufficient stock will be accumulated to prevent a repetition of extraordinary efforts which have been necessary to meet the recent unusual demands. This stock, of course, will not include completed bonds or notes, but will be in the shape of fancy corners, borders, megalions, scrolls and combinations of intricate flourishes, which can be used to advantage in making up bonds or notes when future orders are placed with the bureau.

The present demand upon the bureau is a direct outgrowth of two features of the new financial law passed at the last session of Congress. One of these permitted the organization of national banks with a capitalization of not over \$25,000, and the other prohibited the banks from having more than third of their authorized circulation in bills of the five-dollar denomination. Immediately after the law became effective the reports of the Comptroller of Currency showed that banks of small capitalization in nearly every State in the Union were organized. At the same time the other national banks were obliged to call in much of their five-dollar circulation and ask the government to replace it with bills of larger denomination. The bureau has gathered the largest force of expert engravers which has ever been assembled at the capital. The cities of New York, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Chicago, were drawn upon for these men, and all were given excellent salaries and liberal overtime for their night work when the shifts changed.

The demand has also been great for the fine grade of paper which is used for the printing of notes and which is secured at only one place in the United States. Murray Crane, Governor of Massachusetts, is proprietor of the mills which furnish this paper. He reports that he has been able to meet the extra demands upon his mills without trouble because of the peculiar conditions which have grown up in recent years at Dalton, Massachusetts, where his mills are located. The mills were started immediately after the Revolutionary period, and reached goodly proportions in the first of the nineteenth century. They were run by Governor Crane's grandfather, then by his father, and now by the governor himself.

The employees in the mills are now the third generation of the employees of Grandfather Crane. Although the growth of the mills has been great, it has not kept pace with the growth of the colony of operatives who have looked to it for employment during the past century. Gov. Crane found it necessary when the children of his old operatives refused to find employment elsewhere to erect a large shoe factory, in which the surplus were employed. This factory has been in operation for the past two or three years, but has not proved a paying venture. A majority of its employees are also skilled papermakers, so just in proportion as the demands of the government have increased the force of the employees in the shoe factory have decreased and their attention turned to papermaking. No one has ever been able to supplant Governor Crane in furnishing the government paper. He makes only the finest grade of commercial paper and all the paper used by the government.

Early in the Cleveland administration the Democrats who took charge of the Treasury Department decided that they would take the contract away from Mr. Crane, and every papermaker in the United States was notified of the time when the contract was to be awarded and of the conditions under which it would be furnished and the grade required. It was deemed certain that the contract would not go to Mr. Crane. When the bids were opened there was but one other beside that of Mr. Crane, and it was much in excess of any thing the government had paid for its paper in the past. The then comptroller of the currency visited the secretary of the treasury and expressed the positive belief that Mr. Crane had been instrumental in keeping other bidders out of the field, the intimation being that he had used large sums of money for this purpose. In the investigation which followed Mr. Crane learned of the charge which had been made against him, and came post haste to Washington. He is a man of exceedingly gentle and kind ways, and possesses rare polish and culture. He visited the secretary of the treasury, and in the mildest way possible said that the charge which was made against him would have to be publicly withdrawn by the comptroller of the currency, or else he would refuse to furnish the government with any more paper. At first this threat on the part of Mr. Crane was received as a humorous one. But soon the government officials realized what it meant when they found it was impossible to secure paper elsewhere, and finally the public statement that Mr. Crane desired was made and the government contract was handed to him with all possible grace. He has retained it since.

Kitchen Weights and Measures.

Four teaspoonfuls of liquid make one tablespoonful.

Four tablespoonfuls of liquid, one gill, or a quarter of a cup.

A tablespoonful of liquid, half an ounce.

A pint of liquid weighs a pound.

A quart of sifted flour, one pound.

Three kitchen cupfuls of cornmeal, one pound.

One cup of butter, half a pound.

A solid pint of chopped meat, one pound.

Ten eggs, one pound.

A dash of pepper, an eighth of a teaspoonful.

A pint of brown sugar, thirteen ounces.

Two cupfuls and a half of powdered sugar, one pound.—*Ladies Home Journal*.

Documents just arrived from China, which were found in the Imperial Museums at Peking, seem to show conclusively that the Chinese claim to have discovered America 1400 years ago is quite serious. A history of the voyage made at the time by four Chinese missionaries leaves no doubt that American countries, probably Mexico and Peru, were visited.

Documents so far translated reveal that there was no general Chinese immigration to America, though the civilization of Peru and Mexico was probably modified by Chinese missionaries.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1901.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103 West Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.00.
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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done

To the humblest and the wealthiest

'Neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us,

And they are slaves most base,

Whose love of right is for themselves,

And not for all the race."

THE civilized world hears with regret of the death of Victoria the Good. Her long reign is ended; her gentle life on earth is closed; her powerful mediation in the affairs of nations can never again be exerted; but the influence of her life work in promoting the peace and probity of mankind will continue forever. No sovereign in the history of the world has ever held the esteem and affection of the people as did Queen Victoria—not alone the peoples of the countries over which she held dominion, but also those of other nations. By her own life, as wife, as mother, as Queen and Empress, she taught that "it is greatest greatness to be good."

Of the private benefactions of England's Queen, they formed such a large part of her daily existence, that but a very small proportion can ever be known. She was particularly kind to the deaf and dumb. She learned to talk with them in their own silent language, and one of the most touching and most prized photographs in numberless homes of the deaf of Great Britain, is a snap-shot of Her Majesty talking on her fingers to a poor deaf and dumb woman in a humble little cottage in the lowlands of Scotland.

THE Wisconsin newspapers report that "the Wisconsin Phonological Institute will petition the legislature to abolish the State School for the Deaf at Delavan and to increase the public day schools now maintained for the deaf at eighteen different cities in the State."

Several Wisconsin papers have commented upon this new movement of the oralists, who are trying to dazzle the public by a sort of crazy-quilt argument, that the greatest boon to those who hear not is to learn how to wag the tongue. To the unthinking, the ability of a totally deaf child to talk, is regarded as a marvel; consequently this portion of the public falls easy prey to the specious arguments and unfair tactics of unscrupulous promoters of oralism, who are always very careful to keep hid the fact that the Institutions wherein the "combined system" rules, are doing just as good work by the oral method as are the special oral schools. The Institution at Delavan, which the oralists wish to legislate out of existence, has ten special articulation teachers.

The Janesville, Wis., *Gazette* has the following argument in opposition to the scheme to abolish the State Institution at Delavan:—

"If there is any class of people in the state entitled to an intensely practical education, it is the deaf. Every last one of them should be taught some useful employment. They possess the physical and mental capacity to master industries and become expert artisans in the industrial world, where the expression of knowledge is through well trained hands guided by an intelligent brain. The state very wisely took these conditions into

account in providing for a practical education at Delavan. Manual training buildings are provided, and both boys and girls are under competent instructors in the trades departments. An opportunity is given to turn out skilled workmen in a dozen different industries, with a sufficient amount of book knowledge to enable them to compete successfully with people in normal condition. Deprive the people in Wisconsin of the state school at Delavan, and you deprive many of them of the only thing that stands between them and the poorhouse. The ability to earn an honest dollar and independence is worth more to any young man or woman than fine spun theories, and so far as the deaf are concerned, it would be doing them a grave injustice to deprive them of the means of acquiring practical, self-supporting knowledge. So far as the language is concerned, teach them the oral as well as the sign, give them every means of communication possible; they are entitled to it and will need it."

The *Evening Wisconsin*, of Milwaukee, reprints the above, and adds:

"The question of dollars and cents should not be permitted to figure largely in the determination of the problem to be solved. The thing to be determined is what will best conduce to the making of these unfortunate self-supporting citizens. The plea which the *Gazette* prefers for the retention of the state school at Delavan is very strong."

It is not within the bounds of reason to infer that the Wisconsin Legislature will do otherwise than promptly squelch this attempted exploitation of a theory at the expense of the welfare of the deaf of the State.

Another Deaf-Blind Child.

THE North Carolina Institution is educating a deaf and dumb and blind child. Principal Ray has this to say in regard to the same in his annual report: "We have received into the Institution the only deaf and dumb and blind child of whom I have knowledge in our State. Her condition is such as to require the attention of a teacher and attendant constantly. For this arduous task we have secured the services of Miss Kate G. Monroe, of Cumberland County, who seems much devoted to her work and is making some progress in her undertaking. We do not hope to make a Helen Keller of the child, but we are delighted to know that she has already learned the meaning of several words. The name of the child is Beulah Templeton, of Stanly County."—*New Era*.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

JANUARY 27TH, THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

Temporary Home in Poughkeepsie, 10 A.M.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh, 3.30 P.M.

St. Andrew's Church, Lambertville, New Jersey, at such hour as the Rector may appoint.

St. Ann's Guild room, Thursday, January 31st, 8 P.M. Reminiscences by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

Five dollars from Mrs. Haight, of Baldwinville, N. Y., and Twenty-five dollars from Mr. C. E. McMann, have been thankfully received for the Building Fund of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes.

The tenth anniversary of Newburg Typographical Union No. 305, was observed by the giving of a banquet at the United States Hotel last Monday night, January 7th. The event was unique, in that it brought together men who are connected with all departments of work in the union printing offices of the city. The affair was one of the most enjoyable of banquets possible. The speeches were interesting, the music was excellent and the menu very superior. Among those present were Charles A. Gray and Charles D. Edmonston.

An exchange reports that a blind deaf mute named Edward Munson, living near Dows City, Iowa, was burned to death on the 5th inst. The remarkable thing about it is that he was placed in a house by himself away from any hearing persons, consequently an accident of any kind was likely to have serious if not fatal results.—*Colorado Index*.

In India elephants carry heavy logs and pile them up. Some men take care of the elephants. The men sit on the elephants' heads and tell them what to do. The elephants are intelligent animals. They understand what people say. The men had rice to feed the elephants. A superintendent thought one of the men stole rice. He talked to the man. The man said he had not stolen any rice. The elephant heard them talking. The elephant stretched out his trunk and caught the man by his waist. He tore off the man's long sash. Much rice fell on the ground. I think the bad man was punished for stealing and lying.—*Canadian Mule*.

The Sixteenth Meeting of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., DEC. 15, 1900.
To the Members of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf.

It has been decided by the Standing Executive Committee of the Convention to accept the very cordial invitation of the authorities of the Le Contenlx St. Mary's Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes to hold the next meeting of the Convention at Buffalo, New York, and within the walls of the Institution.

The Convention will be called to order at eight o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, July 24, 1901, when addresses of welcome and responses will be made. The Sisters in charge of the Institution will be happy to provide for the entertainment of one hundred ladies, at the very reasonable charge of one dollar per day. Sister M. Dositeus has been appointed Local Committee of Arrangements, and to her due notice of purpose to take advantage of the offer just mentioned should be given.

Arrangements have been made for the accommodation of male members of the Convention, and others in excess of the Institution, at Statler's Pan-American Hotel, now in process of construction, very near the principal entrance to the Exposition grounds. This hotel is to be a first-class establishment, its proprietor being a caterer and restaurant keeper in Buffalo of reputation and high standing. The charge to members of the Convention, from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five, will be two dollars per day for lodging (in no case more than three in a room), breakfast, and evening dinner.

All persons availing themselves of these special rates who are not already members of the Convention but are eligible to membership will be expected to become members at the Buffalo meeting. The conditions of membership are as follows:

"All persons actively engaged in the education of the deaf may enjoy all the rights and privileges of membership in the association on payment of the prescribed fees [\$2 the first year and \$1 annually thereafter] and agreeing to the Constitution."

Luncheon will be served daily in the Institution to all members of the Convention, at a charge of twenty-five cents to those living outside.

Assurance is given by the authorities of the Exposition that low rates will be accorded by the railroads of the country to visitors to the Exposition.

Particulars as to the conditions under which others besides active members of the Convention may take advantage of reduced rates of board will be published later.

The many inducements, usual and unusual, to the people of our country, and of other countries, to visit Buffalo during the summer of 1901, will, it is believed, draw a large attendance upon the proposed meeting of our Convention, including many delegates from our sister countries, both on the North and on the South.

The buildings of the Le Contenlx St. Mary's Institution are new and very beautiful, having a fine hall for the meetings of the Convention, and convenient rooms for exhibits, committee meetings, etc.

The Chairmen of Section Committees are already at work on the programme of proceedings, which will be duly published in the *Annals*.

With cordial greetings from the Committee to the members of the Convention, and to all engaged in the work of educating the deaf, or interested therein, the hope is expressed that the Sixteenth meeting of the Convention may surpass, in numbers and interest, all that have preceded it.

EDWARD M. GALLAUDET,
President of Convention.

PAN-AMERICAN HOTEL.

This much talked about hotel is to be erected on Elmwood Avenue, almost at the gateway of the Pan-American Exposition grounds and only a few blocks from the Institution for the Deaf.

The new structure is to be 400 feet long and 357 feet wide, with rectangles and courts and will have accommodations for 5,000 guests. There will be 1,500 rooms, furnished with 2,000 double beds, and space for 1,000 cots or single beds. The restaurant will be 168 feet long and 88 feet wide, and will seat between 800 and 900 persons at one time, beside which there will be additional restaurant accommodations provided on the ground floor.

The building will be only three stories high and every room will be within reach of the ground, in case of emergency. It will be covered with staff, after the fashion of the exposition buildings, and will be profusely decorated. The hotel will cost \$100,000. It is being erected by E. M. Statler, who will personally conduct it, and it is the largest "Pan American hotel" contracted for to take care of some of the thousands of visitors expected at the Exposition. Others are talked of, but none on such a stupendous scale.

OHIO.

Death Comes Suddenly to Mrs. Littell.

A FEAST OF TURKEY.

And a Flow of Soul.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 906 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Mrs. Morris Littell, of this city, mother of Miss Annie Littell, died suddenly, about two o'clock, Monday, in the Court House, from apoplexy. She had gone there with a friend about one o'clock to pay her taxes, and having attended to this matter went over into the Auditor's office, to look after the location of a piece of property. While examining a map with the Auditor, she suddenly turned to her lady friend and remarked, "I feel so badly." The words had scarcely escaped her lips ere she fell backward on the floor. Efforts were made to revive her by those in the office and a doctor was summoned. When he arrived she was beyond earthly help. Mrs. Littell had apparently been in the best of health before coming to the Court House, and her sudden death was a shock to her family. Her husband, a locomotive engineer on the Penn. R. R., was at home sick, and the news of her death was a great shock to him as well as to her daughter Annie, who at the time was at work in the State Bindery. She had just finished her noon lunch, and was chatting gaily with some of the other employees, when a telephone message called for her to come and meet a friend at High and State Streets. Little did she dream of the sad news awaiting her. When her home was reached, the intelligence was conveyed as gently as possible to her. The funeral service was held Thursday morning. The bindery employees sent a large cross of roses and lilies of the valley, as Mrs. Littell had been known to most of them and had taken a great interest in their welfare.

Saturday evening, at the home of Mr. Frank Jones, on Washington Avenue the Columbus Advance Society enjoyed a turkey dinner prepared for them by Miss Nettie Jones and Miss Annie Rodman, in the most approved style. All the members of the society were on hand—viz., Messrs E. King, F. Schwartz, F. Jones, C. W. Charles and George Clum. As a feast tastes better when there is company to partake of it, and as the society is not at all selfish, the following gentlemen were invited to help dissect the menu: Messrs. A. H. Schory, Jas. Leib, Ohlemacher, Zorn, Becker and Neutzing. After the feast had been duly discussed a flow of reason and soul was started. The president-elect, Mr. King was made toastmaster, and he in turn called upon the retiring officers to give vent of what the society has been, is and will do. Some of the invited guests also spoke in an encouraging manner of the organization and predicted good results of its work in the future.

Clonian Society had another lecture from Mr. Odebrecht, Saturday evening, on the French Revolution. The end is not yet, as another is promised for this evening. His talks on this subject have proved very interesting thus far. Superintendent Jones has presented the society with a set of sixteen volumes of United States History and Encyclopedias, and in return received a graceful acknowledgment for the gift from the society. A dance was given by Superintendent and Mrs. Jones Friday evening, in honor of Miss Blanche Gipson. Most of the teachers attended it, and the affair was much enjoyed. Saturday afternoon Miss Gipson was the guest of honor at a reception, given by Miss Kenney, at which Superintendent Jones and some of the lady teachers were present.

Mr. Harrison Griesby entertained his sister, Mrs. Wm. Gast, and daughter, of Canton, Ohio, at his home on Franklin Avenue, this week.

Miss Ella M. Hampton has moved back from Springfield to Bellefontaine, Ohio, her former home. She is now employed as pastry cook in the Logan House.

Word from Bellaire is to the effect that the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Corbett is ill with pneumonia. Their many friends here and elsewhere all pray that its life will be spared to them.

Mrs. John Lieb began working in the bindery Tuesday. The work is not new to her, as she was employed there a number of years previous to her marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Frank Evans, of Steelton, just south of the city are the proud parents of a 14-pound girl-baby. The little one arrived on the 14th inst.

Mr. Charles Wasserstrom, of Cleveland, having a little leisure

from work in his tailor shop, hid himself over to Woodsfield, Pa., where he was in quest of his brother. From there he ran down to Wheeling and Bellaire, where he visited friends and had a royal good time.

Ohio's deaf bricklayer, George McGowan, is now up in Monroe, Michigan, assisting in erection of a power house.

It will be in order now for the deaf of the East to flock to California, as the following from this week's *Chronicle* furnishes the reason. Other things being equal, the California deaf ought to come East to gain their restoration of sound.

Miss Clara Johnson, of Flint, O., who attended school here a few years ago, was advised by her physician to try dry and mild climate of Southern California as a means of restoring her hearing. She has been there for almost a year, and writes that she can hear now as well as when a child; even a moderate tone of voice being heard she hears distinctly. Her friends rejoice with her in her good fortune.

This was farmer's week in Columbus on account of the State Agricultural Convention. Our farmer banker, Mr. Wornstaff, came down to learn wisdom from the tillers of the soil and while here also visited his alma mater.

Just a year ago to-day the mother of Miss Mary Henry was killed at a crossing of the Big Four Railroad in the northern part of the city. A suit for damages was instituted and last Saturday the Company made reply claiming that the deceased was negligent and careless, and hence it was not liable to any claims for damages.

The mid-term examinations began yesterday.

Jan. 19-'01. A. B. G.

CHICAGO.

The latest style of the Ladies' Aid Society was to form a century lecture and box social at the M. E. Church, last Saturday evening. The affair was admirably arranged by Mrs. Hasenstab, the new president of the Ladies' Aid Society, and it was successful in every way, though the audience was not large. The president announced that four gentlemen would speak on "American Beauties." Mr. Rutherford first took the floor and told a beautiful story of Miss Elizabeth Patterson—the most wonderful romance in the life of any American woman—her ambition for fame, her marriage to Jerome Napoleon, brother 'o Bonaparte, after abandoning by her husband through Bonaparte's influence, etc. Mr. Rutherford is a young bachelor, and he was in a deep blush, when he told that Miss Patterson had plump arms, red and soft lips, rosy cheeks, lovely and white neck, round shoulders and beautiful form. In next turn the beauty of Miss Emily Marshall was minutely described by Mr. Geo. T. Dougherty. She was "the loveliest woman in all America, who unquestionably came as near to the perfection of female beauty as any American woman that has ever lived." He said in part that he had a great weakness for the pretty girls, and even great men, such as Daniel Webster, Willis, Garrison and Percival fell down at Miss Emily Marshall's feet; and that she was raised in Boston and was a great beauty, but to-day the Boston women are old maids and have glasses on. Oh, George, look out for brooms when you visit Boston. The great poet Willis made the following poem on Miss Emily Marshall:

"Beauty gives
The feature perfection, and to the form,
Its delicate proportions; she may stain
The eye with a celestial blue—the cheek
With carmine of the sunset; she may breathe
Grace into every motion, like the play
Of the least visible tissue of a cloud;
She may give all that is within her own
Bright center—and one glance of intellect,
Like stronger magic, will outshine it all."

Life of Miss Margaret O'Neal, an Irish beauty, was painted in beautiful colors by Mr. C. C. Codman. He confessed that he pleaded guilty with Mr. Dougherty for having the same weakness for the weaker sex. She once dissolved President Jackson's cabinet. Marianne or Mary Caton, the Baltimore belle, who made the most brilliant match of any girl in America, and her sisters, was portrayed by Mr. Regensburg, in a ladylike manner. The above subject can be found in the *Ladies' Home Journal* of October, November and December. At the close of the beauty show a box lunch was served with hot coffee, at a small price, for the benefit of charity.

On January 3d, 1901, Mr. Gallaher received an order for a copy of "Representative Deaf Persons of the United States," from the publishing house of George Putnam's Sons, New York. It was wanted to fill an order for a library.

On January 18th, Mr. Gallaher received a letter from the Volta Bureau of Washington, stating that the bureau had at various times received requests for copies of the book, and that it had lately received an especially urgent request for a copy from a Society in France. As the Volta Bureau received only a limited number of copies for distribution among the libraries of the world at the time the work was published its supply was soon exhausted.

Miss Grace Rhodes, of Kankakee, Sunday in the city.

Mr. Edger Bloom, of New York City, a diamond seller, was the guest of Mr. Liebstien.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gibson was sick with the measles. According to a statement made by Cook County League Clubs, a bill is to be introduced in the Legislature this winter for Civil Service in State Institutions. If it is to be passed, it will be a hard blow to those timid "pets" in Jacksonville, and it will be a good chance for the students of the Gallaudet College to pass examinations, and it will be a good thing that the Superintendent can not be removed for political purposes.

The Civil Service law should be passed in all the State Institutions all over the Union. What ye think, Mr. Editor?

Mr. G. T. Dougherty is back at the old place again, on 59th and Wallace Streets. The company has two factories; one in Chicago Heights, about thirty-five miles South. For some time he was compelled to get up at five o'clock each morning to catch an early train, much to his discomfort. But now he has more time in bed.

Mr. La Grippe, born of Europe, has Miss Grace Knight in his firm grip, but she will leave him soon for a better man.

Mr. Gustavus Christenson, the other prodigal son, made an unexpected appearance at the literary society last Saturday evening, after many days sleep a la Rip Van Winkle, and will join our society again.

He is looking very well, after his long nap.

Don't forget the big debate at the club room Saturday evening, January 26th. CHICAGO.

Pertinent Comment.

From the *Alabama Messenger*.

The January *Annals* gives up twenty-three pages to "A Study of the Deaf," by Prof. T. Savary Pearce, of the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia. So far as the paper deals with the results of anatomical and pathological observation made by the author, it must have a high value, and certainly it would be presumptuous in a layman to offer any criticisms. One peculiarity which Prof. Pearce notes, and which we do not remember to have seen mentioned before, is the large number of cases in which the palatal arches are abnormally high. The proportion of such cases he finds to be 30 per cent of the whole among the boys, and 15 (Q 15 per cent) among the girls examined. He remarks as previous observers have done, that the average chest expansion is less than the normal "in perhaps 50 per cent of the pupils examined." This is generally attributed to the lack of such vigorous play as the lungs of hearing children get in the boisterous shouting which accompanies their sports, but Dr. Pearce names, quite positively, the less obvious cause "obstructions in the pharynx." But in schools where deaf children receive systematic physical training, we believe that measurements continued year after year have shown that about all the pupils, obstructed pharynges to the contrary notwithstanding, reach as high a standard in this line as the same number of hearing persons would.

In regard to circulation, Dr. Pearce detected no anomalies of the heart in the 170 cases which he studied, but he found the action of the heart in many cases "irritable, bounding, and easily modified by the impressionistic side of life."

We may mention here that, in the examination of somewhat over 100 deaf pupils, Dr. Wm. S. Labor of Trenton, N. J., found that a large proportion of them, while apparently in perfect health, showed a temperature notably above the normal.

Dr. Pearce finds that "the muscle sense is much augmented in the deaf," and to this he thinks it is due that they are enabled to stand steadily even when the disease of the internal ear ought, by the books, to make this impossible.

When Dr. Pearce leaves the province of physiological and anatomical fact, and generalizes on the social, industrial and intellectual possibilities of the deaf, he makes even sadder work than did the aliterative and reduplicative Dr. S. M. Millington Miller. That gentleman had, at least, a facility in using the English language to express clearly and with literary finish his thought, even when he was thinking most inaccurately. Dr. Pearce quotes as an instance of "wonderful aptness in an otherwise (sic) healthy totally deaf child," the lad who having learned that "Mass." is the abbreviation for the name of the Bay State, said that good Catholics must go to "Massachusetts" every Sunday.

But it was not a deaf young lady who spoke of hearing a fine rendition of "Mozart's Twelfth Massachusetts."

Dr. Pearce says that "in working with the hands, as in the case of the young girls doing millinery, there is a certain amount of crudeness of motion," and that "the article does not have such nice artistic finish as though done by a hearing person." We happen to know that the class in millinery of which the speaks had, when he saw thei

work, from eight to eleven lessons. "Nice artistic finish" is hardly to be expected, even from normal youth, at that stage of the game. We should like to have the work of the cabinet-making classes in the Michigan, the Clark and the Wisconsin schools, the presswork on the Lone Star Weekly, the Mentor and the Silent Worker, the Sloyd work to name only a few instances, compared with similar work by hearing pupils.

Dr. Pearce makes the instructive suggestion that the cases of fairly intelligent children who are "dumb but not deaf" may be due to hysteria. We should be glad to learn from competent authority, whether or not the conditions which obtain in cases of aphasia, might exist from birth, and if so whether they would not produce "dumbness" without deafness. It is a little surprising to read that in "all" the deaf "the human body is lacking in highest attainment." When we think of "the attainments of the human" hand in executing the paintings of Humphrey Moore, of the feats of strength united with skill performed on the baseball field by Hoy, and in bicycling by the late Mr. Stout, remembering that the only modern engraver of gems who has equalled the work of the ancient artists is a German deaf-mute, we are inclined to ask "what more the gentleman would have" in the way of "attainments of the human body." If all this does not satisfy him, we play our highest trump by mentioning "Deaf Burke," who was for years the champion of the British prize-ring, whom, as Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "Nature had deprived of the sense of hearing, that he might not be overwhelmed by the sound of his own praises." W. J.

TROY N. Y.

The following clipping from the *Troy Sunday News* tells the following:

James Murphy, colored, aged 18 years, was taken to the Troy Hospital yesterday afternoon being amenable, which was called by Supt. Congulin. Murphy was taken suddenly ill on Second Street and fell to the ground, where he was found by several pedestrians who carried him into the Mansion House. Dr. Brown was called and after examining the man said that his case was a general break down in health. Murphy before being removed to the hospital wrote his name, age and a statement to the effect that he was deaf and dumb and handed it to the authorities. Upon request he wrote a short history of his career on paper. He was born in New York, where his father and mother died when he was quite young. He was given into the charge of a man named Sullivan, who reared him. Several years ago he left the metropolis and has since visited almost every large city in the west. While in Louisville, Ky., last July he was operated upon in the city hospital. Since then he has traveled from one place to another. It was stated at a fee hospital last night that Murphy was suffering mostly from exp. and a lack of food, and that he was neither deaf nor dumb. He will recover.

The world famed Byrnes Brothers come this way to present their pantomimic comedy "Eight Bells" Monday and Tuesday this week. Our brethren (deaf-mutes) in Cohoes are not to be outdone, for the attraction in the Spindlet City at the same time, will be "Humpty Dumpty," a spectacular and pantomimic production of merit.

We regret to learn that Luther Taylor will no longer be seen anywhere in this State. The following extract from the *Utica Globe* of January 19th, will explain itself:

Luther Taylor, the deaf-mute pitcher who was a member of the New Yorks last year, has signed a contract to play with the Oakland Club in the California League all of next Summer. He will receive \$200 a month for seven months. Taylor is now pitcher for the San Diego Club in the Winter League. With the New Yorks, Taylor, for a novice, showed skill and pitched a number of effective games. Manager Davis was counting on him as a regular twirler for this year.

Cards for the wooden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Lortie, February 9th, are out. Those here, favored with invitations thereto will doubtless go. The parties live in Hoosick Falls.

Miss Mira Warren is now without either parent, sister or brother, her last sister having just passed away. In all probability, she will dispose of her house and other property.

This late M. R. Palmer was something of a good joker. One day at school, while at dinner, he being monitor at the time, would tease this or that boy on either side of the long table, by asking "What is love?" and making answers that caused amusement. Not a satisfactory answer was made. A newspaper in its recent issue gave it out. It is this: "Love is a disease with all men, and an epidemic with all women."

La Grippe! It is the terror of the day. Numbered among hundreds of victims in town and vicinity are some deaf-mutes confined to their beds.

We learn from most reliable sources that a newspaper in the interest of the deaf in general is soon to be started in Syracuse. Mr. J. H. Geary is the moving spirit in the enterprise. A young man here has received (though not accepted yet) an offer to act as news contributor to the proposed paper.

James H. Manning, who attended the recent ball in the Metropolis, reported having a grand time.

C.

George W. Andrews, of Bath, Pa., is sick at his home, with rheumatism and kidney trouble.

NEW YORK.

An Enjoyable Party in Brooklyn.

THE "FISHING POND."

Basket Ball and Other Notes.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Neat invitations were received some time ago by some of the Brooklyn friends of Mrs. Mollie Kidd, formerly of Indianapolis, but now of the City of Churches, which were issued by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Butterfield, requesting the pleasure of their company on the evening of Saturday, January 19th. As it was, there were two parties that day, and each was in honor of the anniversary of the birth of niece and aunt, which occurred on the same day, though years apart. In the afternoon little Miss Lucy Butterfield had a host of young people to help her celebrate and in the evening Mrs. Kidd was resplendent in her sweetest smiles and good cheer, and about thirty of her deaf friends helped her retain them throughout the evening. Mrs. Kidd received many little presents, such as a woman's heart appeals—from handkerchiefs and brie-a-brac to books by modern authors. Conversation and games helped to while away the time until a late hour, when light luncheon, consisting of sandwiches, coffee, ice-cream, cake and candy, were dispensed with, and it was midnight when the happy company began to leave for their respective homes. A flashlight picture was taken of the company by Mr. William Moore. Among those present we noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Butterfield, Edward Butterfield, Mrs. Mollie Kidd, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, Miss Elizabeth Anderson, Miss Emma Bammann, Miss Ethel Bell, Miss Henry, Messrs. G. Greis, William Moore, Frank Heydon, J. Malloy, Harry Glostein, Frederick Backus, Herman Beck, Hugh Conlon, W. Jackson, R. E. Maynard, and others whose names have escaped the writer's memory.

"If waking would be pain,
Oh, do not wake me, let me dream again."

The "Fishing Pond" party, in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-mutes, on the evening of Thursday, the 17th, proved a success, despite the wet and disagreeable weather. About a hundred were present, and each one had the supreme satisfaction of casting a line, baited with a basket, over a screen, presently to haul up and find a "fish" therein. The "fish" ranged from a cake of sapollo, a cup and saucer, to a little canary bird in a wicker cage, which Mrs. Buhle triumphantly and smilingly carried home. After the fishing, coffee and cakes were served. During the evening, Mrs. Fomire presided over a lemonade booth, as "Rebecca in the well," and she succeeded in gathering in a fair sum at the low tariff of three cents a glass. The booth and the room was decorated with crepe paper of many designs, from the factory of Smith & Meinken. Mr. Meinken donated the paper and managed the affair, assisted by Mr. W. S. Abrams, Mrs. Buhle and Mrs. Brown, and to them the thanks of the Guild should be voted.

There were about one hundred and fifty present at the basket ball game between the Ouedas, the crack team of the Y. M. C. A., and the "Silent Five," at Dr. Savage's gymnasium, on Saturday evening. The deaf-mutes won, by a score of 16 to 12. The "Silent Five" are playing in excellent form, and the team work has greatly improved, with "Big Ryan" in the centre and McVea, Ruppolt, Muench and Avena at the points. Prinsinz and Moenslein are excellent extra men, and help make the deaf-mutes a very strong combination. On Thursday, January 17th, they defeated the team of the Dutchess County Wheelmen, at Fishkill, by a score 19 to 5. The next game is at Asbury Park, on Saturday next, against the Oreos A. C.

Rev. J. M. Koehler, officiated at St. Ann's last Sunday. His congregation was very small, probably because of the extreme cold. In the course of his remarks, he spoke of the work of All Souls', and said that that church was getting too small, and that steps were being taken to enlarge its seating capacity.

It is with regret that we have to chronicle the serious illness of Mrs. J. P. Mahoney, of Canarsie, L. I. At this writing she is reported to be very low. Her friends hope for the best.

PHILADELPHIA.

Mrs. Margaret Van Court Dead.

THE END CAME ALMOST SUDDEN.

Another Death—And the News of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Death has once more entered our ranks and borne to the land from whence no one returns, a beloved sister. On Wednesday, January 16th, 1901, Mrs. Margaret Van Court, widow of the late Christopher Van Court, died at her home, 1119 Ogden Street, the immediate cause being rheumatism of the heart. Although tottering with age, having just rounded her 78th year, she was still able to go about with care until her sudden collapse on the evening of the above date. That evening she ate a hearty meal. At nearly 8 o'clock, while in the company of her son, Mr. Joseph C. Van Court, who, as though he were guided by Providence, felt slightly indisposed and sent his wife out to attend to some business for him, a sudden illness overtook her and in a short time her spirit had fled.

Mrs. Van Court was one of the oldest and most widely known and respected deaf of this community. She attended the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb when it was located at 11th and Market Streets, where the Bingham House now stands, in the "thirties." In her younger days she and her husband took an active and prominent part in the affairs of the deaf of this city. The Clerical Literary Association, an old and flourishing branch of All Souls' Mission to the Deaf, was the outgrowth of a meeting held at the house of the Van Courts. She was a communicant of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, a member of the Pastoral Aid Society, and of the Clerical Literary Association, in all of which she took more than ordinary interest. Her devotion to All Souls' Church during the past twelve years of its existence was unsurpassed by any one. Every Saturday she would go down to the church and see to its preparation for the following day. She continued steadfastly in thus giving her time and labor, up to the Saturday preceding her demise.

Of a quiet and unassuming disposition, with a beautiful character, she was above all a sincere Christian and attended the services at All Souls' very regularly. Of her it may be truly said that she made the church her home. She left an example on church attendance which is admirable. While many of us, yet in the prime of life and robust enough to brave any kind of weather, would shrink from going to church because the weather was not to our liking, this old lady, so enfeebled by age as to necessitate the support of a cane, would be seen in her accustomed place at service. "O woman, great is thy faith."

Mrs. Van Court was born November 24th, 1822. She was a widow for over twenty-eight years. Her husband was a house painter by trade, and was employed at the Navy Yard for eight years, his death occurring in July, 1872, at 59 years of age. Her son, Joseph C., with whom she had been living, learned his father's trade and still pursues it, being also able to converse freely with the sign language. He and one daughter, Mrs. Sallie I. Wilson, of Eugene, Oregon, survive her. The latter was unable to attend the funeral, and it was about seventeen years since she last saw her mother.

The funeral took place the following Saturday afternoon, at one o'clock, from her late home. From there the remains were conveyed to All Souls' Church for the Deaf, on Franklin Street above Green, where a simple but impressive service was held. Rev. J. M. Koehler, Pastor of the Church of the Nativity, interpreted orally. Both reverend gentlemen delivered addresses simultaneously, one orally and the other by signs. Mr. Koehler dwelt eloquently upon the meaning of death, and ended by paying a beautiful tribute to the character of the deceased. Among the floral offerings was a large beautiful pillow, with the word "Ephphatha," sent by the congregation of All Souls'. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Wm. McKinney, Daniel Paul, Jr., Washington Houston, and J. S. Reider. Interment was at Glenwood Cemetery, 29th and Ridge Avenues.

We have still another death to record. Miss Theresa Morris, daughter of the late Patrick and Mary Morris, died on January 17th, 1901, of consumption. Her funeral took place this Monday

(January 21st) morning from her late home, No. 819 Hancock Street, at 8:30 o'clock. High Mass was celebrated at the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The interment was at the Old Cathedral Cemetery. [This is all the information we could obtain concerning the deceased.]

The following was reported by the Philadelphia Press, January 17th:

A team of horses driven by James McGrath, of 2205 East Moyer Street, became frightened at Fortieth Street and Girard Avenue yesterday and crashed into a trolley car, the wagon pole went through one of the windows, striking Rosa Slater, an inmate of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Mt. Airy, and badly injuring her.

Several passengers saw the impending danger as the horses came on and cried to the driver to save himself. The latter, being deaf, did not hear the warnings. She was hurled to the other side of the car and when picked up was unconscious. She was at once sent to the Institute.

Among a long list of appropriations to institutions, recommended to the Legislature by the State Board of Charities, we note the following:

Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, \$260,000.

Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, \$255,000.

Seranton Oral School for the Deaf and Dumb, \$98,325.

Home for Training in Speech of Deaf Children, \$41,000.

If all these appropriations will pass, the State gives a total of \$645,325.00 for its schools for the deaf. The Mt. Airy School used to get \$30,000 more. The Western School asks for a much larger sum than formerly, but the extra amount is undoubtedly intended for new buildings to replace those destroyed by the fire of 1899. The sums in all cases are for two years' support.

Mr. and Mr. Joseph Brutsche are rejoicing over the birth of a girl baby, on January 11th. She will be named Amanda Dora Agnes.

On Wednesday, January 16th, a party of Philadelphians, consisting of Messrs. R. E. Underwood, Chas. F. Yoder and A. J. Sullivan, and Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reider and daughter, had the pleasure of inspecting the Christmas tree decorations of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Schuster in Camden. Except for a small passageway, a whole room was used for this year's tree and country scenes. To describe it all would take too much space.

Recitations were the chief exercise at last Thursday's meeting of the Clerical Literary Association.

George W. Campbell is now said to be convalescing as rapidly as possible, after a hard attack of Typhoid fever.

If rumors are true, there are a number of our deaf in the embrace of the "grip" at present. Harry Bulger is one of them.

Mrs. Thomas Jones has relinquished housekeeping and is now living with her parents in Norristown.

Clement Parلمان, of Reading, is visiting relatives here.

Miss D. H. Marshall has not yet been able to shake the mud or slush of Philadelphia off her skirts. Rev. J. M. Koehler went to New York to officiate at St. Ann's Church, on Sunday, at the earnest request of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

The annual election of officers of the Clerical Literary Association will take place at the March meeting.

A. J. Sullivan was the lucky finder of a \$5 bill on the street recently. It was twisted in a mass when picked up.

Keith's—Jan. 28th.

"Bath House John" of Chicago will be the star attraction at Keith's next week, although he will not personally appear on the stage. His famous song "Dear Midnight of Love" will be sung by May de Sousa, a remarkably pretty young woman. Mr. Keith will provide a special stage setting, a large chorus of girls and a full orchestra; and the event will be something unique in the annals of vaudeville. Alderman John J. Coughlin, the author, will be present himself, and he has a host of friends among the Tammany politicians, who have arranged to give "Bath House John's" song a rousing welcome, and to keep the ball rolling all the week.

The rest of the bill will be up to the Keith standard, and will include Williams & Tucker in "Skins" the Finish, Jas. O. Barrows & Company in a new sketch, "A Thoroughbred," Press Eldridge, Smith & Campbell, Belle Davis and her pikaninnies, etc.

B. F. Keith has just celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of his start in the vaudeville business.

BROOKLYN.

LECTURE NOTICE.

Dr. Walter B. Peet will give a lecture to the Deaf of Brooklyn. Subject will be "First Aid to the injured," at the chapel of St. Mark's Church, Adelphi St., between DeKalb and Willoughby Avenues, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, January 31st, 1901, at 8 o'clock, in aid of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes. Admission, 15 cents. Payable at the door. Please tell your deaf-mute friends to come.

H. L. JUHRENG,
H. CONLON,
WM. G. GILBERT,
Committee.

FANWOOD.

Eighth Grade Entertains.

A NEW GAME.

News Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Fanwood Literary Association was entertained in the chapel, Saturday evening, by the Eighth Mixed Grade. The programme consisted of some readings and a dialogue, which were very interesting and lasted for fully an hour. The program is as follows:—

Readings—"A Poor Little Girl," by Miss Antoinette Little; "A Kind Act," by Miss Grace Burdett; "The Trails of the Birds," by Dorothy Wolfsteig; Teasing the Elephants," by Abraham Haischober; "A lost Child," by Lillian Walker; "Bag of Apples," by George Riecke.

Michael Elliott gave out several short stories, and also acted as "Joker" for the evening. A dialogue was given by Misses Huttschreuter and Moore, and was a very interesting one, but it looked more like a female debate. This ended the class program, and so President Fox, took the platform and gave us a short account of Queen Victoria, whose end is now near. He was followed by Stanley Robinson, who spoke of her life and of England during her reign. The meeting was called to a close at the finish of his address.

A new game of ball has been invented by the boys. They have named it, "Baseball-Cricket." It is played like baseball but there is no pitcher and base men. Upon a large rock is placed a piece of wood, about a foot and a half long and three inches wide, which is called the cricket, and on this is placed a ball. The bat is an iron bar, and when the one at bat strikes the cricket, he sends the ball sailing into the air, and at the same time runs for the bases as we do while playing baseball. If the ball is caught, or it arrives home, before the runner gets to the bases, he is declared out. Three outs make an inning, and nine innings make a game. There is much talk of a game being arranged between the cadet-officers and the privates, to be played as soon as the weather permits.

There now adorns the north wall in Room 1, of the School building a set of twelve "Bas Reliefs" of the following writers and poets: Alfred Tennyson, William C. Bryant, Thomas Carlyle, Charles Dickens, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, William Thackeray Nathaniel Hawthorne, John Greenleaf Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allan Poe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and James Russell Lowell.

One day last week, a good joke was played upon Cadets Reiff and Powell. While they were returning from the Trades School, they saw some one running down the plank walk on the girls' side, and thinking it was our tutor, C. W. Van Tassel, who was hurrying back from the city, they ran to meet him, thinking he was late, but when they got quite near enough to speak to him, they were startled to find it was Dr. Rogers, our attending physician. They quickly went back the way they came, feeling badly because they had played such a joke on themselves.

The chief amusements of the boys now are in playing checkers and dominoes. There have been several tournaments organized, and at the close of each the leader will receive some kind of a prize.

On Wednesday afternoon, the Regulars donned their uniforms for the first time in about a month, and met the scrubs, in a game of basket ball, from whom they came off victors by the score of 44 to 10. Among those who saw the game, were John Sorenson, R. Gennis, Lester Jarboe, and H. Hinson.

While on his way to the Institution on a Third Avenue trolley car, Cadet Powell was one of those who witnessed a man fall from the car, and now is expecting to be called to court as a witness any moment.

Saturday afternoon Cadet Sergeants Dyer and Stern, went to the Herald Square Theatre to see the play of "The Girl from Up There." Cadet Gerson saw the play of "Quo Vadis," at the Academy of Music, on Saturday afternoon, and Cadet Isbell enjoyed the continuous performance at Keith's.

Mrs. M. J. Loughbridge, matron of the 67th St. Institution, was a visitor here on Friday last.

Sunday last was visiting day, and there were quite a large number of parents or relatives to see the pupils.

Mr. Clarke attended the annual dinner of the New York Alumni Association of Tufts College, at the Hotel Savoy, Thursday evening, Jan. 17th.

Coporal Fred Nimmo is now having a new Military Overcoat made to order by Boylan Uniform Tailors.

The weather for the past few days has been very cold, and there is much talk of fine skating on Saturday afternoon, at the several ponds and in the parks.

An article which was printed in the New York Sun, concerning Military Drill at Fanwood, has been reprinted, and with the addition of numerous halftone illustrations, makes a fine souvenir of forty or more pages. The work was done by pupils in the Institution printing office.

A fine photograph of Mr. William Wade, of Oakmont, Pa., is in the Principal's office. Mr. Wade is well known for his deep interest and substantial benefactions to the blind deaf-mutes throughout the country.

Mrs. Currier reached Gibraltar, on her homeward voyage, on Sunday, the 20th, sending a cablegram therefrom announcing her good health. The ship on which she is a passenger is due at the Port of New York on January 28th.

The Institution's Annual Report is now being put into type and printed by the pupils of the school of printing.

The three branches of the Loyal Band of Workers, held their first reading meeting of the new year on Monday afternoon last. The various readings are as follows:—

SENIOR BRANCH.

"Helen Morgan".....Katie McGirr.
"Christmas in Norway".....G. Doxsee.
"Poor Widow".....E. Brewer.
"Minute Fudding and House Sauce".....A. Judge.
"Kindness Never Goes Unrewarded".....M. Barrager.

JUNIOR BRANCH.

"Lost in the Mountains".....L. Bullis.
"The Bear and the Baby".....G. Narkir.
"The Wolf and the Cat".....S. Koplick.

"THE PREPS."

"The Three Bears".....K. Bredemeyer.
"An Ape".....A. Bonoff.

There will be regular readings on the Mondays of each week hereafter till Spring time comes, when something else will be indulged in.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Miss Annie Eckenroth, of Reading, Pa., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Rolshouse.

Andrew W. Zeber, who went to some place not far from Steubenville, O., on business on Christmas, has been wearing a happy countenance and sweet smile since his return.

It was a personal disappointment to us when a rumor, to the effect that John S. Fisher and Samuel Nichols, who are to graduate at Gallaudet College next June, would stop in Pittsburgh, and make a visit to us during the holidays, was without foundation.

It is gratifying to learn that William Shull, of Sewickley, who has been very ill for several weeks, is now on the road to speedy recovery, and consequently we will be glad if he is able to take part in the debate for Saturday, January 26th.

John L. Friend, who was compelled to leave college to recuperate his ill health last February, recently returned to Washington, D. C., to join his new comrades—not the class of '04. We wish him success and luck.

Walter Elkhart, formerly a pupil at the Edgewood School for the Deaf, who moved to Virginia about nine years ago, not long ago sprung a surprise by dropping in to see his old friends. He says he takes up his home in Brushton.

It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. George Winch, of Wilkinsburg, have renounced their contemplation of making their long journey to Jamestown, N. D., to spend two or three months with the latter's brother, who is the postmaster of that hamlet.

On the 12th inst., Prof. Horn, the Austrian prestidigitator, performed his sleight-of-hand tricks before the pupils at Edgewood Park. A number of former pupils were present.

The committee of Local Branch of P. S. A. D. are very busy arranging a great debate for January 26th, the question being: "Resolved, That the influence of Man is greater than that of woman." Messrs. H. H. McMaster and Andrew Zeber will speak for the affirmative side; and Messrs. "Col" Sawhill and William Shull will be their opponents.

About fifteen deaf people went to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bards, at Wilksburg, for the purpose of attending the funeral of the 19th century and welcoming the new year of the 20th century. Refreshments, including sandwiches and hot coffee, were served, and various kinds of games were indulged in. Hilarity reigned supreme until 2 o'clock in the morning. At the same time a number of the deaf people, especially the members of the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, reported that they enjoyed a party at Mr. and Mrs. Annis' residence, in which they eagerly watched the departure of the old year and arrival of the new one.

January 16, 1901.

In the course of a recent lecture a German scientist claimed that the age of fishes can be told by their scales. When placed under the microscope these show stripes similar to the bands in the cross section of a tree, which indicate the age of the fish.

PIRATE.

PIRATE.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Lit. Meeting the Event of the Week.

EVENTS TO COME.

A Navy Yard Adventure.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 21.—The event of the week was the meeting of the "Lit" on Friday. The program was as follows:

ESSAY: "Passes," Mr. Norris, '01.

DEBATE: "Resolved, That the United States should construct and operate a canal along the Nicaragua route rather than along the Panama route." Affirmative, Messrs. Clark, '02, and Drake, '04. Negative, Messrs. Schneider '02, and Neesam, '04.

DIALOGUE: "The Woes of Mr. Wm. New-hubby," Messrs. Hughes, '03, and Wine-miller.

DECLAMATION: "Good Night" Mr. Cowley, '03.

The Critic, Mr. Fisher, '01, followed with his report, which consisted of a statement that he would let the essayist, Mr. Norris, "pass;" that the debate was O.K., but that one of the debaters could not "pass" till he asked his opponents pardon for referring to him as a "Dutchman;" that the dialogue needed no criticism, and that, as to the declamation, he would say "Good night."

The judges of the debate decided in favor of the Negative side.

Those new Freshman candidates for admission to the *Kappa Gamma Fraternity* are now having it out with the *Probation Committee*. They go round in straw hats and white ties, and carry umbrellas to keep the sun off, for "its hot weather," they say.

The Board of Directors of the society elected Mr. Swanson, '01, to the office of Abba Tekoth, vice Mr. Allen, '03, resigned.

The next dance, which comes off in a few weeks, will be in honor of the foot-ball team. The Juniors have been given the second dance of the term for their promenade to Mechanics.

The S. N. D. C.'s play on February 9th, when admission will be charged for the benefit of the G. C. A. A., will be "The Deacon's Tribulations."

Dr. Gallaudet has been in the clutches of the grip during the past few days, but was able to meet his class daily. He is now all right, and is at work on a lecture, "The Treatment of the Enemy's Property on the Sea," which he is soon to deliver before the students of the Columbian University School of Diplomacy.

The "gym" exhibition which it was proposed to give under the auspices of the G. C. A. A., for the benefit of its treasury, has been declared off. The affair will be given by the students though. No admission will likely be charged.

Leitch, '04, is on the sick list, and has gone to the hospital.

Prof. Draper posted a notice on the board the other day, asking his class in book-keeping to please meet him at 12:15 a.m.

A certain Junior with a few chums went down to see the Navy yard last week. The rules forbid the taking of photographic apparatus into the yard, but this Junior had his pocket Kodak along and had taken twelve snap shots and was posing for the thirtieth—that unlucky thirtieth—when the watchman's heavy hand fell with a thud upon his shoulder and—well, he felt that he had the "grip," or that the "grip" had him. His expostulations and pleadings were seconded by his companions, and the watchman finally said he wouldn't take them to the commandant's office if they would get a move on them and get out at once, and promise not to bring any more paraphernalia of the kind into the yard. They "moved" and "promised."

Mr. John O'Rourke, of Massachusetts formerly a student in the college, was a visitor last week.

The January number of the *Buff and Blue* comes out in a few days. A little delay has been caused by the absence of some of the editors during the holidays.

The last "Lit" meeting for the present term, which takes place on March 1st, will be set aside for the debate between members of the Senior class. The debators will be: Affirmative, Messrs. Fisher, and Runde; Negative, Messrs. Taylor and Nichols. The subject has not been decided upon yet.

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NOTICE—A prize will be given to the lady with the handsomest costume, and a prize to the gentleman with the most comical costume.

HOW TO REACH THE HALL—From New York, take the C. R. R. of N. J. (Liberty Street) to Broad Street Station, Newark. Turn to the left and walk one block south. Or take the P. R. R. to Market Street, walk west to Broad Street, then turn to the left and walk three blocks south. Trains leave New York every half hour.

All communications should be addressed to Charles T. Hummer, care New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society, 755 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

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The Building Fund now amounts to \$48,150.38. Ten thousand (\$10,000) dollars more will be needed for heating, plumbing, lighting and incidentals. Much work has been accomplished, but the building will not be finished before next Summer.

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Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., Assistant General Manager, 557 West 145th Street, New York City.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Mr. F. L. Sellney, Deaf-Mutes' Register, Rome, N. Y.

Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer, 11 Mason Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. H. Van Allen, Bath-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

or to the undersigned, 112 West 78th Street, New York City,

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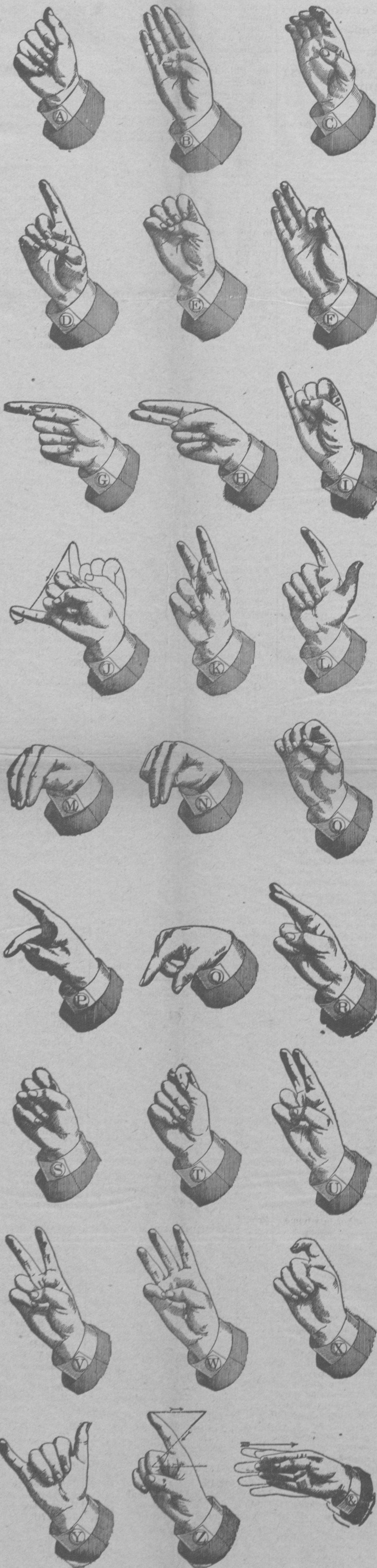
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